#### DOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

New Publications That Bid for Favor.

LONG LIST FOR THE FALL

H. C. Bunner's Legacy to His Admirers—Walter Wilcox's Rocky Mountain Sketches.

HE most beautiful and interesting book of last week s publications, and one of the most beautiful and attractive of several piecesing weeks, and annoubtedly of many weeks to come, is a luxumous octavo from the Putnampress. Every device of the bookmakers in used to emichish the vomane. The cover is a striking display of blue, black, while and gold. The paper is a joy to the touch and the print a luxury to the eye. The illustrations, however, are the appealing point, and an artistic album of calborate ulimensions and exquisite display. The externals of the book must be spoken of first, because they are so samptuous that they first command attention, without prejudice to the text.

The book is called "Camping in the Camanan accesses," with the son-expictive "an account of camp life in the wilder parts of the Canadan access Moontains together with a description of the region about Bantf, Lake Leanse and Gincer, and a sketch of early explorations." It will be read with intunate pleasure by Washingtonians, because the writer of the text and photographic artist of all the leautiful pictures is Mr. Walter Dwight Wilcox of this city. Returning to the pictures, with an examination of the text in view, we find twenty-five full page photogravares, printed on extra heavy paper. Every one is an artistic gem. A glance through them is a trip in nanature through the most sublime scenes on this continent. There is nothing in nature comparable in ragged grandeur, primative desolution and picturesque attractiveness with the Canadian Rockies, and Mr. Wilcox has been particularly happy in his selections of subjects. Scattered through the text are other vignested photogravares of equalicants and interest.

Mr. Wilcox's parrative is an interesting containation of information, description, anecotote, and adventure. It is meatly with interest and progresses with spirit from chapter to chapter. The book is the result of four years' camping experience in the regions which he describes. He made excursions into many of the wilder parts of the monotains and effected a consider able number of ascents. The extremely wild character of this port of the Rocky Moontains and the very snort time since it was opened up to travelers are probatily, the author thinks, in great part, the reasons for the lack of literature and the absence of any thoroughly illustrated patheon concerning this region. It would seem that with the present volume any deficiency in either of these respects has been adopted by smallest.

account of concerning this region. It would seem that with the present volume any deficiency in either of these respects has been admirably supplied.

The town or village of Ranff is the starting point of Mr. Wilcox's marrative, as it is the starting point of nearly all tours from the eastern side of the Cambridge of the wonders of the interior. The village is located just within the casternmost rames, about one hundred and lifty miles north of the international formation. It is the cantral or focal pain of the Camadian National Park. There is so much of seems interest and natural healty in the sorrounding mountains and vallets, that an area of some two hundred and saxty square tables has been reserved in the explosibly the government and laid 2.2 in site reads and bridle paths to only a second interest. Order is considered as an accountable of the country of the constant of the co

forced by a body of mes known as the Northwest mountain police, and the author tells us that they have been wonderfully effective during a number of years past in preserving the authority of the laws throughout this vast extent of territory by means of a number of men that seems altogether insufficient for that nurposes.

purpose.

A student of the nomenciature of this territory soon discovers that the infernal region and its satable preading genus have stamped themselves upon all the prominent points, a peculiarity which may be ascribed to a tendency which is prominent among civilized people as well as savage to dedicate prominent objects of nature to the infernal regions or the master spirit thereof. But one is impelled to the belief that in spite of the accident of names it is a country of wondrous charm, where the lakes yield trout of thirty-four pounds, where the rivers of clear mountainous blue rush by at the rate of ten miles an hour, where the naturalist may study his Devonian and Carboniferous limestones on the surface, where perpetual snow white caps the altitudinous horizon and the artist sees the strange lights made as the smoke from unseen forest fires obscures the peaks and sifts the sunshine as through a yellow pall. The author tells us that in this northern lightlude during June and July the sun does not set until 9 o'clock, and the twilight is so bright that line print can be read out of doors till 11 o'clock, and there is, in fact, more or less light at midnight.

He teils of an unusual freak of the elements. "In the summer of 1898, after having saffered from a long period of intensely hot weather in the East, I arrived at Banff on the 14th of June. It was snowing and the station platform was covered to a depth of six inches. The next day, however, I ascended Tunnel Mountain and found a most extraordinary combination of summer and winter effects. The snow still remained ten or twelve inches deep on the mountain sides, though it had already nearly disappeared in the valley. Under this winiry mantle were many varieties of beautiful flowers in full bloom, and, most conspicuous of all, wild roses in profusion, apparently uninjured by this unusually late snow storm. I made a sad discovery near the top of the mountain. Seeing a little bird fly up from the ground apparently out of the snow, I examined more closely and observed a narrow snow timel leading down to the ground. Removing the snow I found a nest of four or five young birds, all dead, their feeble spark of life chilled by the damp snow, while the mother bird had been, even when I arrived, vainly trying to nurse them back toilfe."

From the superb engravure and Mr. Wilcox's description, Lake Louise must be the
original busin of Heaven's dews and the
distant Mount Lefroy and its attendant setting the most imposing scene in the range.
The pleasure grows, the author tells us, as
one continues to gaze at the immense mass,
larsh and stern and cold though it be, it
excites awe and wonder as though here
were the rocky foundation and substratum
of the globe. This is the atode of perpetnal winter, where ice and snow and bleak
rocks exist apart. Here all is grand but
menacing, dangerous and forbidding. And
these high mountains and deep valleys, suggesting that some awful storm at sea had
become perifiled into colossal waves to
stand at rest forever, have been carved
out by rain and running water, frost and
change of temperature, through the lapse
of countless ages."

These with an experienced and symme-

Thus with an experienced and sympathetic eye life the author of this cellight ful and indeed valuable book observed and recorded. His fidelity and stylic grace confound one in determining which is more engaging. The matter or the manner. It is a book for the adventurous, the traveler, the naturalist and the arist, and for anyone who relishes the meat of fact seasoned with the sauce of diverting narrative.

NDUSTRIOUS students and observing editors are diminishing gradually the value and necessity for that trite commentary on new publications. "This is a book which fills a long felt want." There remain few eminent characters or conspicuous periods which have not found their biographers and historians. It is somewhat singular that discrepancy has not been noted before, and its elimination in the present instance is

cause for satisfaction that there has not before been written the real life of Manon Philpon, afterwards Madame Roland, after Marie Antoinette, one of the most interesting and conspicuous figures in the history of the French revolution. Ida M. Tartbell's biographical study of Madame Roland, recently published by the Scribners, fills this vaccity satisfactorily.

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scrupulously honest, for in the context
of mat-riois at hand it displays a keen and
aiways rational judgment and delicate appreciation of motives and influences. The
early life of Mile. Philipon is set forth
with particular attention to sensitively
intellectual awakening as displayed in the
letters to her friend, Sophie Cannet, the
dispassioned rationalistic maid of Amiens
But the fragility of her character is exposed in the blossoming of its sentimentalism, first sown in a reading of Rousseau's
"Nouvelle Helolse," and aurtured by the
many suitors who paraded before but

"Nouvelle Heloise," and nurtured by the many suitors who paraded before but left their reflection in her journal.

Her first associations with her future husband are of romantic interest. Mr. Boland was a practical and scientific manufacturer, he was economic and theoretic and wrote pamphiets. This interested Mile. Philipon. In the fall of the first year that he met Manon and before the remotest sentimental connection bound them. Boland left for a tour of Switzerland, Italy, Sicily and Malta. It was his plan to put his observations into letter form and on his return to publish them. He needed some one to whom he could address the letters, who would guard the copy faithfully in his absence and would edit i intelligently if he should never return. He asked Manon that they might be sent to her and she was much flattered. Those letters worked her fate. A lovers' correspondence of much interest followed and it is set out at some length and for the first time in the present volume.

present volume.

The account of the first effects of revolutionary sentiment on this famous woman and her husband is given with much interesting elaboration from letters and papers which have heretofore escaped less diligent biographers. The accounts of the Roland salon are particularly interesting and throw light on the evolvement of the most critical period of days preceding the crimson outbreak. The position of the Rolands seemed not to have been well understood. By origin and caste they should have allied themselves with the conservatives, but they are prominent in many democratic movements, notably the deputation from Lyons. The bilding ground between aristocratic intelligence and republican anarchy seems to have been their footing. It is expressed in Madame Roland's memorable exclamation when driven to the guillotine: "Oh, fiberty, liberty! What crimes are committed in thy

name!"

The narrative of her subsequent days, the days in the prison Abbaye and her execution are told with studious fidelity, and a final chapter of interest is devoted to "Those Left Behind." The details of make-up have been thoroughly attended to. There are numerous handsome illustrations, an explicit fidex and a valuable hibblography. The publishers have given the volume careful and artistic attention.

ERY little which the amiable and genial
Mr. Bunner gave us in his lifetime
surpassed the legacy which he left
behind. Such, indeed, may his "Jersey
Street and Jersey Lane," recently published by the Scribners, be called. It
is a posthumous publication, a tender and
characteristic pastoral of the lanes and
localities he loved so well. There are
six of these "urban and suburban sketches,"
three of Jersey Street, three of Jersey
Lane. "Jersey and Mulberry" is a character sketch of a plebian New York neighborhood with an earnest plea for the organ
grinder. "Tieman's to Tubby Hook" describes familiar early haunts. "The
Bowery and Bohemia" tell their story in
the name and "The Story of a Path" is a
delightful pen sketch of a Jersey path.
"The Lost Child" and "A Letter to Towa"
are suburban sketches. The book is put
up with exquisite finish and the pages are
illuminated with numerous sketches by
Frost, Frazier, Clinediast and Niles.
Mr. Banner's definition of a Bohemian
is amusingly trothful: "He is the only
kind of gentleman permanently in tem-

porary difficulties who is neither a sponge nor a cheat. He is a man who lacks certain elements necessary to success in this world and who manages to keep fairly even with the world by means of ingenious shift and expedient; never fully succeeding, never wholly failing. He is a man, in fact, who can't swim, but can tread water. But he never, never, never calls himself a Bohemian. Your true Bohemian always calls himself by some cuphemistic name. He is always a gentleman at odds with fortune, who rolled in wealth yesterday and will tamorrow, but who at present is willing to de any work which he is sure will make him immortal, and that he thinks may get him the price of a supper."

HE Putoams have recently added to their long catalogue of chess publications a new work of current and permanent intenset to all lovers of the game. It is a complete record of the famous Hastings chess toarmament of 1895, prepared by Horace F. Cheshire. To the uninitiated the book presents an elaborate maze of matter which is only a little less intricutations Sanscrit prosody, but the very mealiness of it will be joy for the chessman. There is nothing wanting, apparently, that he could desire. There are twentystwe full-page portraits of the most famous players of the world; an account of the tournament's rise, progress and close, with copies in full of the games and a thrief summary of the social proceedings. The compiler, in doing this, has diverged from the beaten path and has presented the whole matter in a narrative form in chresological order. He has also expunged many details commonly given and utilized the space for matter interesting to the votaries of chess. The games have been arranged in order of date, and also with a view to bringing out the notes at the same time as the score. The annotations are all by competitors and mostly by prize winners. The games were distributed so as to give as great a variety of opinions on the openings and styles of play as possible, an 1 so that no one should

#### Literary Notes.

the chatty, from the historical to the tech-

annotate his own game. The pleasantly varied, from the pon

nically analytical

Marion Crawford's latest story is called 'Taquysara."

What is Eat is the title of a new gastronomic monthly, Judaism is the subject of much study in current literature.

A new volume of Endly Dickenson's poems are in press.

Gertrude Warden's new novel is called "The Sentimental Sex."

Mary J. Safford is the translator of Johanna Ambrosius' poems.

The contract for printing the Postal Guide is worth \$19,000 the year. England seems to have gone in for a veritable epidemic of memorials. Lord Roseberry made the address at the centenary celebration at Glasgow.

Appleton's Town and Country Library has reached its two hundredth volume. A new order has just been placed for 1,000,000 more copies of Spurgeon's sermons.

Affred Austin, laureate, is to be orator at the unveiling of the Burns memorial at Irvine.

A new Harold Fredericbook ishis "March Bares," published in England as "George Firth."

Du Maurier's layest story, "The Martian," is said to resemble "Peter Ibbetson" rather than "Trilby."

than "Trilby."

Prof. George B. Adams of Yale is the notbor of a new book entitled. "The Growth of the French Nation."

One of the most expensive books in the world is the copy of the Pasiter recently sold in London for £5,256. Coppee's "Le Pater," which made such a stir in Paris a few years ago, has been

edited for a French text-book.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford's new volume of short stories will be issued presently in a form which is somewhat of a novelty in England

and America. In shape, size and general get-up it will closely resemble the ordinary vellow paper covered French novel.

It will cost \$1,000 to remove Kate Field's body from Hawaii to the burial place of John Brown in the Adirondacks

Charles Tennyson, a brother of the late
Alfred, poet laureate, married a sister of
his brother's recently deceased wife.

Edna Lyall has finished her "Autobiography of a Truth," which sounds like a companion to her "Autobiography of a Slander."

John Morley's life of Richard Cobden is to be published within the next ninety days. It is heralded as a work of unusual gr

If quantity makes up for quality then Irma Fedossova, a Russian, is the greatest writer in the world. She is the author of ten thousand poems.

Justin McCarthy is at work on the third valume of his "History of Our Own Times," which will take up the threa.1 at 1880 and bring it down to date.

Barrie's "Margaret Oglivy" is, in the opinion of the London Bookman, "the most beautiful and exquisite piece of work he has yet accomplished."

In referring to Burns' habit of tippling. Lord Rosebery, in his memorial oratior, apologized for it as the vice of the century, especially among hierary men.

Charles Reade still retains his hold on the English-reading public. His "Cloister and the Hearth," for which Sir Walter Besant expressed his admiration, continues to have a wide sale. Nurway's literary lights are turning

Ngrway's literary lights are turning back on the land of the midnight sun-Bjornstjerne Bjornson, the poet and politician, has gone to Germany to live, and lisen has already done so, having settled in Munich.

Prof. Otis Tufton Mason, curator of the

department of ethnology at the National Massem, is preparing a remarkable exhibit, which proves that to woman's invention were due all the useful arts of ancient days.

The next election to the French Academy takes place in October to fill the place made vacant by M. Jujes Simon. It is believed that Zola stants the best trance of his life for election, and he has been trying all his

life to break in.

One critic of Stevenson says, "he was not a great novelist, but he was a great write. Ambrose heree said took ago that as a novelist Stevenson was in the second rank, but as an essayist he knew the touch of no elbow.

the touch of no elbow.

The new book by S. R. Crockett, author of the "Stickit Minister," is to be called "Lochinvar." Those who have had the privilege of reading the portion already written are very enthusiastic in their praise of the work.

Kipling's new volume of ballads, "The Seven Seas," is coming out in October It will contain heretofore unpublished ballads, as well as many which have appeared in periodicals since the publication of his last book of verse.

The largest sum paid for a single novel is said to have been £50,000 paid to Alphonse Daudet for "Sapho," published in 1884. Twenty thousand pounds was received by Victor Hugo for "Les Miseradies," which was published in ten languages.

Alphonse Daudet is a southerner, and the cold winds of Paris annoy him greatly. In his study in his house in the Faubourg Saint Germain a large fire is buring even when the weather is comparatively warm. Daudet is unable to work unless the temperature of the room is to his liking.

Mr. Blackustre has just celebrated hiseventy-tirst birthday. George MacDonald is his senter by one year. Mr. Meredith and Mrs. Oliphant are each sixty-eight. Miss Braduon is lifty-nine. Sir Walter Besant is fifty-eight. Ouida, fifty six, and William Black, fifty-five.

Houghton, Mifflin & Cq. have issued the following circular: The family of the late Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe request that any persons having letters of Mrs. Stowe will send them to Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 4 Park street, Boston, or to A. P. Watts, Hastings House, Norfolk street, Strand, Lon-

don, with reference to their possible use
y in a contemplated "Life and Letters of Mrs
Stowe." These letters will be carefully
returned to their owners after copies have
been made of such as are found to be avail-

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's novel of American life and character, entitled "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker," will begin as a serial in the November issue of the Century. The scene is laid in Philadelphia before and during the Revolutionary War and nearly all the charcaters are historically prominent.

Dean Farrar's new book, "The Bible: What It Is, and What It Is Not," is new going through the press, but no date can yet be fixed for its publication. The work has been a long time in writing, and is expected to prove a very important contribution to the discussion of the Scriptures.

The recent international conference at London to discuss the preparation of a world's catalogue of Scientific Papers made Dr. Simon Newcomb, representative of the United States Government, vice president, English is to be the language of the work.

Kipling stopped over in Springfield awhile on his way to Brattlebox from Gloucester and was entertained at one of the clubs. He conversed fluently on the silver question, but "wood in" talk sho, a little bit," the Republican says. He impressed his hearers as having the "snap and sparkle of the best sort of newspaper workes."

Aubrey Beardsley, though his art has been much laughed at, is said to have made an income of \$20,000 a year since he appeared on the horizon, two or three years ago. He was born at Brighton of poor parents, who intended that he should be a musician, and his first pictures were shown when he was twenty years old.

A new edition of Uhland has just been

A new edition of Uhland has just been edited and published, with notes and blog-raphy. Uniand was not the most inspired of German poets, but his ballads and romances have a warm place in the here's of all who care for mediaevalism and tender sentiment. Every German reader includes selections from his poems.

Mme. Bernhardt is writing her mensetrs, and sithough Signora Duss denied it there is ground for expecting something of the kind from the great actress, and Miss Ellen Terry has a very great deal to say that will no of the highest interest to most people. It will be a goodly collection of remitiscenses when all three are published.

Beatrice Harraden, the author of "Ships That Pass in the Night," recently went to San Francisco from El Ca of Pass an invalet. She is in search of change of air, from which she hopes to derive enough strength to go to her home in London. For mouths she has been compelled to stop work on her latest romance, which is hearly finished.

Prof. Vambery is finishing the translation of a Turkish book of interest to students of the history of India and Central Asia. It is an account of the travels and adventures of Sidi All Reis, a Turkish admiral, in the time of Soliton Soleiman the Magnificent, who visited India, Afglanistan, Central Asia and Persia in 1553-57.

An important book saie, which will be watched by Washington book collectors, is announced to take place in November. It is the saie of the library of the late Henry F. Sewall of New York. The collection is very full in old English literature, including the first four follow of Snakespeare, in Biblical and art works, and inhooks relating to printing.

A new six-volume edition of the everdelightful "Arabian Nights" is about to be issued. An claborate introduction and been written by Mr. Joseph Jacobs, who in the course of his researches has made some discoveries as to the authorship and compilation, which have enabled him to distinguish the various sources from which that very composite work is drawn.

Count Tolstel has not yet given a title to his new novel, but the manuscript was expected to reach London about the middie of July. The story relates to the misfortunes of a poor girl, the victim of a man who is a magistrate. After many years she meets the magistrate again an outcast, penniless, ill in mind and body, and she has to appear before him for committing a triffing offense. The scene in the court, and the various answers she unkes in the course of her cross-examination bring home to the magistrate the extent of the mischief he, has caused. After she has been released he repents, seeks her out, obtains forgiveness and marries her.

giveness and marries her.

The volume of short stories, said to be written in collaboration by Thomas Hardy and Mrs. Henni-Ker (Lord Houghton'sdaughter), will be published in this country by Roberts Bros. An English critic intimates that it is coly in "The Specter of the Real," the last story in the volume, that the hand of Mr. Hardy appears. It is a sember, striking, unpleasant tale of married life.

ing, unpleasant tale of married life.

Mr. Phil May has just completed a series of fifty studies in black and white of groups of gutter children engaged in gutter sports. Sir Joseph Prestwich, the great geologist, died recently at the age of eighty-four. He had been president of the Geological Society and professor of geology at Oxford, and was the author of many works in his chosen department of scientific investi-his chosen department of scientific investi-

A Christiana paper says that Ihsen has just commenced to write a new drama. He will remain in the capital of Norway all summer, and expects to have the play ready, not only in the original, but in German, English and French translations, in December. He has just entered his sixty-ninth year, and enjoys the perfect health peculiar to literary men who do not overwork or dissipate.

The inventory of Mrs. Stowe's estate, submitted when her will was offened for proisate in Hartford, Conn., gives the total value at \$42,353.95, including a \$10,000 house, several blocks of railroad stock and \$8,750 due from a publishing firm. Her personal belongings are put down at \$1,-000. The English copyrights and her Florida plantation are not put down as worth any definite sum.

John Murray has procured the Earl of Lovelace to edit the definitive edition of Byron. Ecsides the mass of new Murray material which is available, any literary remains of Byron on the family side will now also be brought within the scope of the edition. Ada, the poet souly daughter, married the late Lord Lovelace, and their children, the present Lord Lovelace and Lady Anne Blont, are historiagy representatives.

Is the genus ever uncertain of his own powers? Coleraige was not, at least. In a long letter—to John Theiwali—which has just been soid at auction in London, he wrote. "I shalf live down all your objections. I doubt not that the time will come when all our offities will be directed in one simple path. " I am not fit for public life; jet the light shall stream to a far distance from the taper in my cottage window."

window."

Mr. George W. Vanderbilt has imported from Europe what is considered to be the most valuable library on forestry in the world, for his Bilmore estate. Mr. Vanderbilt has started forest culture on a large scale at Editmore, under the management of Mr. Gifford Pinchot, and has built a number of cottages on his estate for the special use of students of forestry. As these will have access to the library mentioned, it will be, for all practical purposes, a free library.

The late Lori Tempyson had an eagle eye for proofs. A young poet once sent him a good-sided volume winch the harreate good-naturelly allowed to be dedicated to him. With the volume, the young poet wrote a mostest letter deprecating Tempyson's taking the trouble to read it. To his surprise, not long after, he received a long and kindly letter about the poemitself, together with a list of the masprints in the volume. Tempyson made no comment on the misprints, but the young poet knew that his poem had received attention.

"Margaret Carmicinel" is the story, by Charles Gibbon, of a tender Scots woman and her lover, which is to I e issued in this country presently. The London Punch recouly gave the rythuncal account of it. "About this Gibbon let me tell you all. Here is no symptom of Decline and Fall, You'll matches latest work of busy pen The test and not too Scotch for Englishmen. There's love and will any—a synthe-plot Well worked out. I might tell you—but I'll not. Instead, here's size nowice, pray beed it. Go, get the beas at once and read it."

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